THE PACIFIC

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DO THOU THY WILL.

Do Thou Thy will with me!
I am convinced that Thy mysterious ways
Lead ever up to goals of peace. I see
In looking back o'er discontented days
When I rebelled at paths Thou led'st me in—
I see how for my good it all has been.
Do Thou Thy Will.

Do Thou Thy will. I find
That when I wept because some barrier stood
Between me and my longings, I was blind;
For Thou hadst placed it there for my own good.
And when in chosen paths I could not go,
It was to guard me from some needless woe.
Do Thou Thy Will.

Do Thou Thy will. I feel
The calm of realms toward which my feet are led
Across my fevered, restless spirit steal.
The blind rebellion of my heart is dead.
Or in the valley or on the heights above
The hand that leads me is the hand of love.
Do Thou Thy Will.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

SAVE THE YOUTH.

It is necessary to see that in the midst of all the hard work to rebuild the city of San Francisco in a material way other and higher needs are not overlooked. A suggestion was made some time ago that a building be erected for the exclusive use of the Juvenile Court. That suggestion is likely to be carried into effect. Private enterprise has taken the matter in hand to construct the building; but the city is to see to its support and management.

Much might be said in praise of this movement. But one of the many blessings resulting may be mentioned. The bare fact that bad boys are saved from association with confirmed criminals is sufficient to justify all that is proposed. It is the experience of all who have had to do with the criminal classes that to put a youthful first offender into jail, where he will be associated with confirmed criminals, is in effect to bind him to a life of crime. For this reason then all right seeing people will approve of the erection of a building in which all youthful offenders may be detained, and have thrown about them all good influences. The proposed building, when completed, it is stated, will supply better facilities for dealing with these offenders than are now possible by any other city.

SPELLING REFORM.

President Roosevelt has given his official sanction to the revised spelling of about three hundred words. This will be adopted in all public papers originating in the executive office, and may become the rule in all Federal documents.

The new spelling of these three hundred words is certainly easier than the old; and, indeed, a large number of the new forms have been in use for a long time. Some of these are recognized by the dictionaries.

The following summary of the changes may be given. Dipthongs are omitted, if they are silent. Other dipthongs are changed to the single vowel that represents the sound used in the pronunciation. A word ending "ed" is changed to "t", when that is the correct sound. The silent "e" is omitted after "g", from all words where it regularly occurred, as in "judgment". When a word has in its pronunciation the sound of "z" represented by the letter "s", the "s" is changed to "z". The termination "ough" is cast out altogether. The sound it used to represent is indicated by a single letter. "Hock" is recommended for use instead of "hough"; and "thru" in place of "through". This does not mention all the changes required; but indicates plainly that the new forms are in line of good sense and simplicity. Some will rejoice; others will see in this change only a sign of great loss. There is no doubt that this official approbation will force these changes into eminently respectable usage. The dictionaries will be obliged to give these forms place in their columns. Being in the dictionary they will be used, for the use will save time.

THE SACREDNESS OF PROPHECY.

This is a time of great activity in the exploitation of the prophetic portions of the Scriptures. The names of the many books recently written will recur to the mind of the reader. It will also be remembered that it is a common thing for such books to be presented to the public, first of all, in the form of popular lectures. The winning personality of the writer secures a favorable patronage for his book, and makes it more potent than it would otherwise be. The spirit actuating these writers seems not to be the same in every case. The dominating purpose seems to differ greatly. One will seem to be inspired with the determination to honor the prophecies of the Word of God, by recognizing their Divine authority; the other seems to write, or speak, with the single purpose of stripping the old prophecies of any shred of power that may still attach to them from the convictions of the past. This first class is surely doing God's will, the second is as surely destructive of good, discouraging to the workers in the Church, and they do greatly delay the coming of the Kingdom. That enemies should do this latter work we may not wonder; but that friends of the Christian Church should be similarly active, is a surprise and a great grief.

There can be no doubt as to the large value attached to prophecy in the earlier centuries of the Church. The power of "the argument from prophecy" was tremendous in times past. Nor can there be any uncertainty as to the place given it in the Scriptures themselves. The Children of Israel were brought to recognize the presence of Jehovah in the observed fulfillment of promises made by God's prophets, and recorded in God's Word. See from Exod. 12:41, 51. The very day made known, centuries before, that the servitude of the Children of Israel should end, it did end, and they all went forth out of the land of Egypt. When Israel saw this, that the purpose of God, declared so long before, had lived on through all the ages of suffering, and that now, on the very day appointed, they stood free from bondage, they believed in God as they had not done in the past, and consecrated themselves to him, in such fulness, as they had never before known. It was the power of prophecy that convinced them, and raised them to a higher position before Jehovah.

So, too, it was this same prophetic element in the Old Testament that, being recognized by the Apostles, prepared them to declare the Gospel to the Nations. Who that has studied the record of the earliest acts of the followers of Christ has not wondered at the transformation of these men. How unlike the Disciples of the Gospels are the Apostles of the Acts? If we inquire how this change was brought about, we are sure to give the first place to the argument from prophecy. If we recall that the risen Lord himself used these prophecies as a means of strengthening the Disciples, we are let into the secret of their new

power and wisdom. "Beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the Scriptures, the things concerning himself." (Luke 24:27). So we are not surprised when we hear them exclaim: "Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures." (Luke 27:32). When they saw that everything had been foretold, and that God's purpose had been fulfilled, in the distressing things as well as in the encouraging affairs, then the power of God laid hold upon them, and they saw that they were in the current of God's purpose and power, and they spoke their message, and performed their works without fear. As the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, about Moses: "He endured as seeing him who is invisible," so these men saw Jehovah in all the events of Christ's life and death, and they labored on bravely.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

Dr. Johns D. Parker, the author of "The Sabbath Transferred," has returned to California, and will hereafter make Berkeley, California his permanent home. He will continue as a correspondent to The Pacific.

Dr. H. L. Willett, of Chicago University, is giving, this week, a course of lectures on "The Hebrew Phophets". The subject is exceedingly interesting. His treatment scholarly and devotional. The attendance very large. We shall have more to say of them in our next issue.

The Central Methodist and the Simpson Memorial churches of San Francisco are talking of a permanent union. They have been meeting together for services since the great fire, that burned both their buildings. The trustees of the Central Church intend leasing their property on Mission, between Sixth and Seventh, for business purposes.

Rev. William Rader had a good congregation last Sunday, notwithstanding the fact that no cars were running, and the Central Theatre where he holds service is in the midst of the burned district. His sermon on, "The Homeless Men Who Make a Living in San Francisco," was most excellent. The people are appreciating his efforts to bring them the Gospel at a personal sacrifice to himself.

Secretary H. J. McCoy, of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A., who has been in the East a large part of the time since the earthquake, was at his old place at the head of the Association meeting last Sunday in the city. Mr. McCoy made an address before the men needed i the city. He assured his listeners that men assembled in which he described the kind of as soon as possible work would be begun on the new Y. M. C. A. Home. "It will," he said, "be one of the finest in the world. It will be a character factory."

Rev. Dr. Larkin, pastor of Grace M. E. Church in the Mission, is now in the East raising money to rehabilitate the Methodist churches affected by the disaster of April 18th. The Layman's Legion of the M. E. Church, formed lately in the East has pledged itself to raise $1,000,000 for the reconstruction of the churches burned, and for the other special work needed on the Coast. Dr. Larkin was invited by the Legion to become its permanent Secretary, which position he will likely accept and so will be absent from the Coast for a year or more. If so he will make his headquarters in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Emily P. Boller, wife of B. F. Boller, pastor of Olivet Church, Los Angeles, started on board the steamer John A. Logan, from San Francisco, on Aug. 15th for a tour of visitation of the missionaries and mission fields in Honolulu, Philippine Islands, China and Japan. She expects to be gone only six months, and will visit not only the schools and mission stations of the American Board, but of the other denominations from whose prominent pastors and bishops on the Pacific Coast, she bears letters of introduction. Mrs. Boller supplied the pulpit during the first three months of her husband's present pastorate, and is much in demand for temperance and missionary addresses. She was a prominent official in the Woman's Board of the Interior, and this new opportunity will give her fresh material for use among our churches.

"MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND."

By William Herman Hopkins.

Let a good word be said for the Church that is somewhat hard pressed these days. To such pressure from without she has been accustomed, and the heavier that sort of battle the better she fought. The thicker the Philistines the more like a mighty army has the Church moved. But she is sore pressed within also, of the figure may stand, and with this experience she is not so familiar, by it she is grieved and made less ready for the battle. With a little freedom in their use we may put into the lips of the Christian Church of today an old Hebrew complaint: —"Mine enemies speak evil against me saying when will he die and his name perish? And if he cometh to see me he speaketh falsehood. When he goeth abroad he telleth it. All that hate me whisper together against me. Against me do they devise my hurt. An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him, and now that he lieth he shall rise up no more. Yea mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, who did eat my bread hath lifted up his heel against me."

It is this odd action of the Church's own familiar friend, whom she trusts, who eats of her bread, (and not the calm, just, affectionate criticism of the Church), that I wish gently to call to account.

Here is one, a brilliant Christian essayist, who writes out a prescription in order that the Church "may get off the down grade on which it is so swiftly gliding." Another voice cries, "Protestantism in Germany is sick, sick unto death". Another nearer home asserts that "the Church has lost her nerve." And still another, the Church's own familiar friend like the rest, implies, though he puts it in the form of a question, that "the men who manage the ecclesiastical machinery, both clerical and lay, are hopelessly given over to the idols of unverified tradition and irrational authority." And "the majority of theological seminaries are still so wedded to indefensible traditions that no intelligent graduate of a college of truth can enter there and long remain. Over their entrances is written in Greek and Hebrew and Latin, 'Let none but the scribe of the letter, the pharisee of tradition, the hypocrite who is ready to believe in ab-

sence of sufficient evidence, let none but these presume to enter here.'"

These are recent random samples—not an unabridged catalogue—of the sharp, almost hopeless, and apparently unfriendly words which friends of the Church, within her care, trusted by her, eating her bread are often saying about her these days.

It is not a good habit. Among objections to it it may be said that it is not good form,—which is indeed comparatively unimportant. Yet life as we meet it has form and the form ought to fit the life. He offends against "the good tidings" who gives them in detail, but with a bitter accent. It is not enough that truth is spoken; it must be spoken in love. The form counts. In your home, and the Church is another home with a larger family, you would hardly tell your wife, or welcome her telling you in the presence of the neighbors, friends and enemies, called together to hear it, that your home life was ignorant, weak, hypocritical and therefore useless. Such an action would be unpardonable, let us say impossible. It is quite as serious and ought to be quite as impossible in the Church. The unbecomingness of our rush into print with our family grievances, of our repeated and brave parade, before the eyes of the world of our seeming infelicities, our poverty in any part is plain. It is undeniably bad form.

Again it is not good policy. We wish victory, yet by such steady and often fierce criticism of ourselves we invite defeat. An army in face of the enemy, just before the battle, would hardly send word that its powder was damp, that its leaders were incompetent and no one had any heart for the contest anyway. The Church weakens her cause through too constant self-criticism and complaint. To come back to one of our own homes again, the parents yearn for the welfare of the boys and are therefore careful about their spirit, words and bearing in their children's presence. They silence family friction. They minimize the hardship of trying to make ends meet. In every way they "put the best foot forward." The Church laments the wandering of her youth. Possibly they have heard from pulpit , pew and religious press, the Church's own familiar friends, such words, again and again repeated, as lead them to say that the Church does not believe in herself and that there can be little profit in staying with an organization which is only a shell of formality, is so behind the times, with the voice of tradition in her pulpits, and the odor of hypocrisy in her pews. A little child had lost a pencil, and this was the third taken in a short time from that groove in the desk at school. Her father questioned her, for he could not go on buying pencils at that rate! She could not enlighten him. This however she said, "You know that red-headed boy, Jim A. who lives around the corner in Noxon Street? Well he sits right back of me, and I have a suspicion that he doesn't know anything about it." There is a goodly flavor about that. Let us bring up the better kinds of "suspicion". Let us look for the excellences of the Church and bring them to the front. It is good policy. A gloomy clerk sells few goods. Commend the Church if you would have her conquer.

Against the common word of our "own familiar friend" we stand because, also, it is not true. It may be true so far as it goes, though that claim will often require exposition and argument. But it is not the whole truth, and because it lacks its better half it becomes harmful. We ask for the rest of the story, that which the familiar friend might tell, which is required in a matter of such importance, but which seems often dismissed as of small consequence.

One denomination spends annually $200.000 on its work among the needy of New York's East Side. It is only a straw but it shows the wind. There is a long rich untold story of that sort of labor to the credit of the Church which it would be well to hear. In our own denomination in this country as we are told, there are these churches for the alien flocks: Armenian, Bohemian, Chinese, Cuban, Danish, Finnish, French, German, Italian, Greek, Magyar, Mexican, Norwegian, Polish Scandinavian, Slavonic, Spanish, Swedish, Swedish-Finn and Welsh. Again it is only a straw, but it shows the wind. Why not unfold such a story as this in some one at least of its many chapters? There should be room for it. Let it crowd out some of our complaint. There is indeed much to be done, enough to tax the strongest soul. But that soul will nourish itself better for the next task by feeding a little more on what is done and doing, than by being so ravenous over the chaff of imperfection and failure.

Let us Congregationalists make mention now and then of our age. It is 300 years since Scrooby,—quite long enough to give us self respect, not enough to make us proud. Let us speak, with something of the joy we feel, of our free and brotherly ways, that we focus our thought on Christ with little attention to ceremony or creed, and that we have done creditable work in the building of the nation, and in the enlightening of a darker world.

Or let us in common with all churches speak with enthusiasm of the breadth and height of our work, that the Church has not gone empty-handed to science, that she has been the patron of art, that she has been the friend of literature, that she has had great care for the bodies of men as for their souls. Let us point out her generous democracy, that through her open doors whosoever will may come. Labor and Capital, Union and Non-Union, Yellow and Black, Ignorant and Wise, Clean and Foul, Children and Adults, Men and Women, Rich and Poor,—they who have no money, and they who have it but are too mean to give it,—the Church throws her doors open to them all and offers them her best, bidding none halt at her threshold save those who do not wish her gifts. As they come she receives them, pronouncing her benediction at their cradles and their graves, counseling them on the way between, offering to them always the comfort and inspirations of the great Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Is this too small a thing to be told? Does it weigh as nothing against the charge that here and there the local Church may have no kitchen and teach no trade? Rather is this very ministry, in old fashioned ways, the Churchs best ministry? It will always be her best. Nor will it be omitted. Nor ought it to be overlooked by the Church's own familiar friend. He complains of her failure,—yes, yes she has made it—let him report her steady service and success and the glory of them. She goes about leading prodigals in from the far country. Is it only one she leads, the years are so lean? Well, it is a great work to bring one home, else there is a wrong emphasis in the story of the Samaritan woman, and Jesus wasted time with her at the well. But it is more than

one. It is now a multitude which no man can number who walk in white for they are worthy. The drunken are sober, the profane pious, the lustful pure, the miserly generous through the word which the Church has spoken to them. She meets the man in his doubt moreover, and lays her hands on his eyes, and he sees no longer through a glass darkly. She comes to strong men and sensitive women weeping and gives them joy in their storm. She walks with them into the thick darkness of death and is heard to say "He is not here, He is risen as He said," and the night becomes as day.

Let us not in the time of our dissatisfaction with the Church forget or speak lightly of all this service. It is as high as the stars and more divine. It may not be greatly pronounced, but the kingdom cometh not with observation and the parable of the leaven is His teaching still. It may not be large before the eyes of the world,—but the mustard seed is the least of all the seeds. The Church may not be much of an institution,—have it so if you will,—but she is much of an inspiration which Christ held to be of more account.

Whatever she is **not,** she **is** much more, and may we have eyes to see it, and heart and tongue to tell it.

We do not stand squarely enough and say in tone full enough, "Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I remember thee not, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Glorious things are spoken of her not quite enough. We do not mark her goodly battlements and her foundation strong. We do not sing as often or as heartily as once we sang, "I love thy kingdom Lord, the house of thine abode, the Church our blest Redeemer saved with his own precious blood."

But we believe it all and more! Then let the redeemed of the Lord say so.

FROM THE CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN LEADERS.

Mount Hermon, Cal., Aug. 20-24, 1906.

During the Conference of Christian Leaders at Mount Hermon, Rev. W. M. Bell, D.D., Bishop of the United Brethren Church, delivered a masterful address on "Present Movements and Tendencies in Church Federation." He closed his address with sixteen propositions which were made a part of the record and publication of the Conference. These propositions are under the caption:

The Re-alignment of American Protestantism.

This because:—

1. The reasons or occasions for separate organic existence have in many cases ceased to exist.

2. The tendency to multiply denominations in the United States has had its day and an ample indulgence.

3. Any denomination may reach the stage in its history when, having made its contribution to truth and experience, it may, under changed circumstances, honorably discontinue its separate existence, and acknowledge in a formal way its kinship with other bodies of Christians.

4. Any denomination may go to seed in the advocacy of usages and peculiarities which, however good and proper they may have been at the time of their being called into existence, have come to be barnacles and impediments under changed conditions.

5. Our divisions have led us to magnify non-essentials with corresponding loss in the fundamentals.

6. The exigencies of the hour call for the most advantageous use of all Christian resources.

7. The age, being utilitarian, has no capacity for enthusiasm over the institution of a new denomination for the gratification of somebody's ambition for leadership or for any other reason.

8. A very high grade of influence efficiency and enthusiasm is coming into being through the different inter-denominational movements and organizations.

9. The needless duplication of church organizations in the same community is becoming a stumbling block and menace to Christian efficiency.

10. A deserved doom is passing over everything unfruitful in church and state.

11. American church life needs just now, a consuming and intensified passion for the essentials of Christianity.

12. Either an exalted spiritual consciousness or the presence of a great calamity or the near approach of a great peril, or the appeal of a great enterprise, invariably suggests and points toward the heartier and closer affiliation of all Christians.

13. Unholy strife, rivalry and hatred among church people grieves the Holy Spirit and forbids extensive revivals.

14. In part our divisions stand for a want of love, of deep and genuine Christian experience.

15. The whole tendency of the age is to unification; much business and not too much book-keeping for the business; elimination of waste and leakage, with prodigious pushing for large things.

16. An inexorable demand that the highest, holiest and best, in the keeping of the race anywhere shall be universalized at the earliest possible moment.

THE PROGRESS OF PEACE.

An Address by Cardinal Gibbons.

Nearly two thousand years have rolled by since the birth of the Prince of Peace, whose advent was announced by the angelic host singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Christ's mission on earth was to establish a triple peace in the hearts of men,—peace with God by the observance of his commandments, peace with our fellow-men by the practice of justice and charity, and peace within our own breasts by keeping our passions subject to reason and our reason in harmony with the divine law.

When looking back and contemplating the wars that have ravaged the Christian world during the last twenty centuries, some persons might be tempted at first sight to exclaim in anguish of heart that the mission of Christ was a failure. My purpose, in the brief remarks which I shall make, is to disabuse the faint-hearted of this discouraging impression.

It is by comparison and contrast that we can most effectually gauge the results of Christian civilization. Let us compare the military history of the Roman Empire with the military record of our American republic.

In pagan Rome war was the rule, peace the exception. The temple of Janus in Rome was always open in time of war and was closed in time of peace.

From the reign of Romulus to the time of Augustus Caesar, seven hundred years, the temple of Janus was always open except twice, when it was closed for six years.

The United States has existed as a soverign nation for about one hundred and twenty years, since the close of the Revolution. During that period we have had four wars: the war with England, from 1812 to 1815, the war with Mexico, the Civil War, and the recent Spanish War. The combined length of these campaigns was about ten years. Hence we see that the United States has enjoyed twelve years of peace for one year of war, while the Roman Empire enjoyed less than one year of tranquility for every century of military engagements.

I may remark, in passing, that at least three of these four military campaigns might have been easily averted by peaceful arbitration, and that a large share of the responsibility rests at our doors.

But the blessed influence of Christian civilization has been experienced, not only in reducing the number of wars, but still more in mitigating the horrors of military strife. Prior to the dawn of Christianity the motto of the conqueror was "Woe to the vanquished!" The captured cities were pillaged and laid waste. The wives and daughters of the defeated nation became the prey of the ruthless soldiery. The conquered generals and army were obliged to grace the triumphs of the victors before they were condemned to death or to ignominious bondage.

Alexander the Great, after the capture of the city of Tyre, ordered two thousand of the inhabitants to be crucified, and the remainder of the population were put to death or sold into slavery. How different was the conduct of Gen. Scott after the successful seige of the ctiy of Mexico. As soon as the enemy surrendered, not a single soldier or citizen was sacrificed to the vengeance of the victorious army, and not a single family was exiled from their native land.

During the siege of Jerusalem, in the year 70 of the Christian era, under Titus, the Roman general, more than a million of the Jews perished by the sword or by famine. Nearly one hundred thousand Jews were carried into captivity. The sacred vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem were borne away by the blood-stained hands of the Roman army. Let us contrast the conduct of Titus toward the Jews with Gen. Grant's treatment of the defeated Confederate forces. When Gen. Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court-house, he and his brave army were permitted to return without molestation to their respective homes. The Roman and the American general, in their opposite conduct, were reflecting the spirit of the times in which they lived. Titus, in exercising cruelty toward the vanquished, was following the traditions of paganism. Grant, in his magnanimity toward the Confederate troops, was obeying the mandate of Christian civilization.

And now, friends and advocates of international arbitration, permit me to greet you with words of good cheer and congratulation. You are engaged in the most noble and benevolent mission that can engross the attention of mankind,—a mission to which are attached the most sublime title and most precious reward,—"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." I beg you to consider what progress has already been made in the beneficent work in which you are enlisted. A hundred years ago, disputes between individuals were commonly decided by a duel. Thanks to the humanizing influence of a Christian public opinion, these disagreements are now usually adjusted by legislation or conciliation. Have we not reason to indulge the hope that the same pacific agencies which have checked the duel between individuals will, in God's own time, check the duel between nations?

In our school-boy days the most odious and contemptible creature we used to encounter was the bully who played the tyrant toward the weak, but cringed before his strong companions. But still more intolerable is a bullying nation that picks a quarrel with a feeble nation, with the base intent of seizing her possessions.

Friends and advocates of international arbitration, let it be your mission to protect the weak against the strong, and then to the ruler of a feeble nation may be applied the words of the poet, "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just."

1. He is armed with the consciousness of the sacred right of property.

2. He is armed with the shield of an enlightened public opinion.

3. He is armed with the conviction that his cause will be adjudicated by the equitable decision of a Board of Arbitration.

This amicable system, while protecting the rights of the weak, will not wound or humiliate the national pride of the strong, since it does not attempt to trench on the sovereignty or autonomy of the stronger power.

I can recall at least four instances within the last twenty years in which international conflicts have been amicably settled by arbitration. The dispute between Germany and Spain regarding the Caroline Islands was adjusted by Pope Leo XIII in 1886. The Samoan difficulty between Germany and the United States was settled by a conference held in Berlin in 1889. A treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was signed in Washington at the close of Cleveland's administration; and a few weeks ago a war between France and Germany—perhaps a general European conflict—was averted by the Algeciras conference in Morocco.

Let us cherish the hope that the day is not far off when the reign of the Prince of Peace will be firmly established on the earth, and the spirit of the gospel will so far sway the minds and hearts of the rulers and cabinets that international disputes will be decided, not by standing armies, but by permanent courts of arbitration, when they will be decided, not on the battlefield, but in the halls of conciliation, and will be adjusted, not by the sword, but by the pen, which is mightier than the sword.

May the nations of the earth study and take to heart this lesson, that "peace hath her victories not less renowned than war," aye, victories more substantial and more enduring. May they learn that all schemes conceived in passion and fomented by lawless ambition are destined, like the mountain torrent, to carry terror before them and leave ruin and desolation after them, whilst the peaceful counsels of men assembled, as you are, under the guidance of Almighty God, are sure to shed their silent blessings around them like the gentle dew of heaven, and to bring forth abundant fruit in due season.

Among the Churches.

Pilgrim Church.—New and beautiful in its equipment for most effective work gives its pastor, Rev. Edw. Lincoln Smith a year's leave of absence. The church has strong hope that Dr. Sidney Strong of Oak Park will lead it during this period.

Union.—Rev. J. T. Nichols, who organized the church, and has superintended the erection of its beautiful new structure, after nearly four years of arduous and effective service has relinquished his charge and with his family is visiting his old home in New England. Rev. Jonathan Green Smith of Tomah, Wis., has supplied the pulpit during the past six weeks with great acceptance to the church, and it seems to be universally regretted that he cannot see his way clear at present to leave Wisconsin.

Pasadena.— West Side Church has been "Holding the Fort" finely this summer, during the absence of their pastor, Rev. J. A. Holmes, whose vacation has been spent in the East. The prayer-meetings have increased in interest, because of the individual responsibility divided among the members. Many voices have been heard who never had ventured to take part before, and even the attendance has increased part of the time. We shall welcome Mr. Holmes about the 29th of this month with renewed strength for his work, and a working people ready to hold up his hands.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—The pastor, Rev. S. G. Emerson, was welcomed home last Sunday morning by a large congregation after a month's vacation with his family at Forest Home. The handsome new pulpit furniture costing nearly $200, donated by two warm friends of the church, was in place for the first time and added to the greeting. The set is of light oak, massive but simple in design and consists of pulpit, three large upholstered chairs and a baptismal font. The pastor preached a helpful sermon on "Living at One's Best." One Sunday during his absence, the pulpit was occupied by Mr. Paul Waterhouse, the mayor's son, a young man who has grown up in the church, now a student in Princeton College, looking forward to missionary service. Another son of Mr. Waterhouse, Herbert, has just graduated from Rush Medical College and expects to be a medical missionary. It is truly a missionary family, and has been a great help to the church from its organization. Ten of the family are members of the church.

Washington

Plymouth Church.—Awaits return of Pastor Van Ham with his family from New England. Plymouth still remains a down town church, while churches of sister denominations have accepted the large prices offered for their good business sites, and are moving out and up.

NOTICE.

The annual meetings of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific and the Home Missionary Union, will be held together on Wednesday, Sept. 19th, at the First Congregational Church, Oakland. Sessions at 10:30 a. m., and 1:30 p. m. Lunch served for fifteen cents.

INLAND EMPIRE LETTER.

By Iowerth.

The writer visited Northern Idaho recently and spent a Sunday at Burke. He found that mining camp with a population of over 3000 without a minister. The few faithful ones are doing what they can to keep the doors of the church open, and the Sunday-school is in a flourishing condition, and the Christian Endeavor meetings on Sunday evenings well attended and interesting. Why should such a field as this be without a minister? It would be difficult to find one in greater need and that offers a better opportunity for usefulness. What is the matter with our young men leaving the seminaries that they do not seek such fields as these? I am of the opinion that it is the best post-graduate course any young man could take. Here is an opportunity for a strong, manly, self-sacrificing young preacher to exercise an influence over a thousand young men.

Wallace, Idaho.

It is always pleasant to turn from the dark to the light, from the sad to the pleasant, so the visit to Wallace was especially enjoyable and encouraging. Rev. Joseph D. Neilan, recently from Chicago is doing excellent work on this field. He is truly a master of the situation. A marvelous transformation has been wrought during the 15 months he has been on the field. Something over $2,000 has been expended in improvements on the church building. It has been elevated three feet making an excellent, well-lighted basement, with provision for a manual training school, gymnasium, kitchen and toilet. Mr. Neilan has had 30 boys and girls in the manual training school during the summer, and a castle of Knights of King Arthur in a flourishing condition. The Ladies' Benevolent Society is an efficient auxiliary of the church. On account of the excessive heat the Sunday morning service was omitted during July and August, but the Sunday evening audiences have filled the house. This church under the leadership of its versatile pastor, is doing what every church of Jesus Christ ought to try to do, viz., contribute to the physical, intellectual and moral development of the community.

I was not able to visit Mullan, Wardner or Kellogg(but understood that the work was in a wholesome condition. I was gratified to hear that Brother Cooley had opened a reading room at Mullan and that it was well patronized.

Whitman College.

Prospects were never brighter for the college than at the approaching reopening. The facilities are more complete and the faculty stronger than ever before. The conservatory of music will have an almost entirely new set of instructors. The attendance promises to be larger than ever before. There are applications from all over the Northwest, and the dormitories are already crowded. Special improvements have been made in the department of physics and biology during the summer. The library has also been extended by additions of shelf room. The Spokes-man Review, the leading daily of the Inland Empire, in an editorial on this institution recently said:—

"This educational institution has worthily obtained a high place in public estimation. It has made a record in the past which it shows evidence of maintaining and increasing in the future. In its develop-

ment the State of Washington may well take pride, and Walla Walla, where the college is situated, may be envied the distinction derived therefrom. Under the able management of President Penrose, Whitman College has improved from year to year, and the announcements now made of additions to the faculty and of enlarged accomodations for the students indicate that there is to be no standing still.

CHINESE PICNIC.

The annual picnic for the Chinese women and children of Los Angeles, occurred on Thursday, Aug. 16th.

Never was day more delightful and suitably chosen, nor was there one thing to mar the joy of these foreign sisters, who count this—their one outing for the whole year—a time when with their little families, they may enjoy the seashore and think of their homes "across the waves."

To Mrs. Findlay, Superintendent of this Congregational work in Chinatown, is due the great success of the day. From early morning, when she had to assist in many a home, or had to drive to the door for mother and babies—all through the hours of entertainment, by land and by sea,—to the hour when the last door was closed upon the sheltered families, and she was helped to her home-bound car—did this indefatigable little woman keep everything moving for the greatest comfort of her 130 Chinese guests. The two electric cars carrying the party to Playa del Rey, were donated through the courtesy of Mr. Clark, and the privileges of the Pavilion, with the tables (to be spread by the thoughtful ladies), with the donation of a plentiful supply of fish croquets, and many, many quarts of tea were only part of the liberal offering of Mr. Pierce. Even the steam launch on the lagoon, was freely placed at the service of the company, and proved to be the crowning joy to the women as well as the children. The faces so expressive, in place of the oft called "stolid" Chinaman," showed appreciation of every Christian courtesy and friendship.

Mrs. Foster, of Los Angeles First Church, was chairman of the committee on refreshments, and was ably assisted by representatives from nearly every Congregational church in the city. Such an abundance had been provided, that a 5 o'clock lunch of sandwiches and fruit was served on the return trip in the car.

In the company this year, were seen new faces—those who have passed through earthquake and fire; through sorrows and losses. But if all the refugees who fled to Southern California were of this type, there will surely be better times for Chinese families in Los Angeles than ever before. Another advance that we, who have access but once or twice a year to this class of Chinese, have seen, is the freedom with which these women enter into conversation with their American acquaintances, and marks the results of the patient efforts of the faithful visitor, who, from door to door, brings light and sympathy, as well as instruction; constantly sowing the seeds of Christian civilization.

One remark, echoed by all, was that never had been seen an equal number of American children so well behaved as these Chinese little ones, and so contentedly happy. Added to this, were the picturesque costumes of many of the smaller children, giving color and warmth to a scene that will never be forgotten. The story will never be fully told of the influence of such a gathering, either on Chinese or Americans present that day, and in spite of tired feet and weary backs, every one was ready to say, "I'm glad I came. The compensation far outweighs the effort. The dear Lord has been in our midst today, walking by the sea, and blessing His little ones."

Pasadena. M. H. D.

CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN LEADERS.

Mount Hermon, Cal. Aug. 20-24, 1906.

The Conference of "Christian Leaders" assembled at Mount Hermon, Aug. 22, 1906, by action taken declare it to be advisable to hold a similar conference in the summer of 1907, at such time as the management of the Mount Hermon Association shall find most suitable.

The chief subjects before the Conference shall be "Temperance", "The Lord's Day,,' and "The Co-operation of Christian Forces.' These subjects are for the whole Church of Christ; the intoxicating cup must be destroyed; the Lord's Day must be conserved; the Church of Christ holds her commission from her Lord to do both.

The following committee was appointed to bring this proposed Conference to the attention of the official bodies of the various religious denominations, asking them severally to aid in promoting the Conference and in achieving its great purposes.

The Assembly also earnestly suggests that the denominations shall by some appropriate means seek and attain the most economical and effective co-operation of the Christian forces, especially on Home Mission fields.

Committee in charge of the message to the churches. Rev. J. R. McLean, D.D., Chairman.
Rev. H. H. Bell, D.D.
Bishop W. M. Bell, D.D.
Rev. E. R. Dille, D.D.
Rev. Hugh W. Gilchrist, D.D.
Bishop John N. Hamilton, D.D.
Bishop William Ford Nichols, D.D.
Rev. Louis J. Sawyer.
Rev. George B. Swan.
Rev. William Thomas.
Rev. Hiram Van Kirk.
Rev. S. E. Wishard, D.D.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF WALES

The Principality of Wales is probably the most Congregational country in the world. The denomination is doing efficient work and is aggressive both from an educational and missionary standpoint. It never was more prosperous than at the present time.

The Congregational Union of Wales held its annual meeting at Ffestiniog last month, lasting four days. Two meetings were given to addresses on subjects related to Temperance and Education. It was found that the Centennial fund to aid weak churches had reached nearly $100,000. According to the report of the statistical secretary, the year 1905 had been one of the best if not the most wonderful in the history of the denomination. The increase in church membership in 1904 was 13,831, fully 12,000 being the fruit of the revival. But the additions to the churches as the result of the revival in 1905 was nearly double that of 1904, making it fully 35,000 in the two years. During the last four years 94 churches have been erected, Sunday-school scholars increased over 20,-

000, and value of church property augmented over a million dollars. Church members; 179,526. seating capacity of churches, 453,885; contribution per member, over $5. J. Edwards.

"SOME ONE HAD BLUNDERED."

So said the Home Missionary Superintendent of Southern California. "That's a blunder," said he, away up on the sides of the San Bernardino mountains, where the Aug. 16th copy of The Pacific found him. In what had the Pacific man blundered? He had said, in a little editorial, that, "There are 62 churches in Southern California." Well, by actual count, there are 84 Congregational churches in that district. The same authority says, "there are three or four more about to be born." We are glad to correct the figures; especially since it increases the total. Colegrove and Garavanza are new churches added since the list in the year book was made out at the first of the year.

"TOGETHER."

James M. Campbell, D.D.

The word "together" expresses the ideas of fellowship, union, cooperation. When, in the record of the early church, it is said that "all that believed were together," it does not merely imply that they were in one place, but that as possessors of a common spiritual life they were of one heart, and mind, and aim. They stood shoulder to shoulder, supporting one another in every way possible, and praying and laboring for the same things.

"Together" is a social word. As the expression of fellowship it is the expression of fulness of life. To live the highest, completest life men must live together. If any one is isolated from his fellow-men he cannot reach his highest development. He needs the moulding touch of association, he needs participation in a common life and fellowship in order to come to maturity.

Religion is no more an individual thing than life. Every Christian needs the fellowship of the Church. He needs it for his own sake—to supply him with the means of grace for the development of Christian character. He needs it also as an agency through which he is to work the establishment of the reign of God in the world. The individual impulse will soon be dissipated and lost unless it flows into some form of organized activity. By losing our lives in the organization we find them. If we take a wide survey of the great movements of social reform we will see that whenever a reforming impulse was awakened men had to organize to give it effect; and no matter how strong the reforming impulse has been it has amounted to nothing unless it has expressed itself in an organization, and worked itself out through an organization. Every movement of social reform has to pass from impulse to organization before it accomplishes anything. Take, for instance, the great anti-slavery movement. Until the red-hot sentiment which it awakened crystalized into organized effort it was comparatively powerless. The great weakness of the temperance movement has been, and still is, that it has contented itself with arousing impulse and has not become a compact organization that could hurl its entire force against the liquor traffic. When over ninety years ago a new missionary impulse was awakened in the Church and the desire was born to send the Gospel to those who in foreign lands were sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, the church had to organize to give the impulse effect. What would the impulse that moved the hearts of the young men who prayed in the lee of the hay-stack have amounted to if no American Board of Foreign Missions had been formed to carry it out? As we are constituted we can accomplish very little without organization. Separate and alone we are powerless, united we are strong. If we keep out of organizations we keep out of agencies by which the work of the world is being accomplished. The splendid work of relief which has been carried out in San Francisco and the other cities devastated by earthquake and fire has been the result of skillfully planned organization. Without it chaos would have reigned; much suffering would have been unrelieved. Now, the Church is organized Christianity, and the work that any one of us can do to advance the kingdom of God in the world must be done very largely through its agency.

In present day thought two great key-words are "specialization," and "organization." To make our service to the world effective we must specialize; yet at the same time we must unite our forces with all who are working in a common cause, for the accomplishment of a common end. To match the world forces around us; to master the forces of evil with which we have to contend, we must perfect our organization so that the separate fingers may become a closed fist which can deal more telling blows for the cause of righteousness.

In these days when we are urged to personal, individual work, let us not forget the necessity of united work. The Church, which is the body of Christ, the living organism through which he is working—cannot fulfill her mission in the world unless all her members, under the direction of the Head, act together for the accomplishment of a common purpose. There is an expression employed by Paul which brings out the kind of fellowship which Christians ought to practice; that expression is "the fellowship of ministering." He tells the Corinthians that the churches of Macedonia had fellowship in the ministering to the saints. That was fellowship of a very practical kind. In the work of the Church the opportunity is given us of having fellowship in ministering to men the highest things of life; fellowship in bringing to the whole creation the glad tidings of salvation through our crucified and risen Lord.

When we speak of Christian fellowship we generally think of it as a thing of sentiment—the efflorescence of feeling. When we unite together in praise and prayer we say that we have fellowship; when we speak of the fellowship of the Church, or of the Churches we think of the sphere of brotherly sympathy into which we come. There is a still higher fellowship than that; and that is the fellowship we have in a common service to the world.

When it is said of the first converts to Christ that "they continued in the Apostle's fellowship," we are not to think that they had fellowship only in prayer. The Apostle's fellowship was fellowship in the work of spreading the Gospel. It was more than the sense of oneness of relationship to Christ, it was the sense of oneness of obligation to Christ. The deepest thing in the experience of these early disciples was the common burden of service and duty which they

felt to make known the good news of salvation to a perishing world. This was the Master passion which fused together the discordant elements among them and gave to them converting power. It is said that as they continued in this fellowship the Lord added to them daily such as were being saved.

In the Congregational Church there has been a strong drift towards independency. The principle upon which we have acted is that contained in the proverb "Every tub must stand on its own bottom." We are beginning to see a great light and to discover that when our independency has been allowed to run to seed, we have lost our corporate soul, our corporate unity, and our corporate power. The great world-movements of association and combination, have been making themselves felt, and we are coming to see that we must sacrifice some of our independency and get closer together, and become "laborers together" if we would be strong and effective in fulfilling our mission.

Sierra Madre, Cal.

The Home.

Just to be tender, just to be true;
Just to be glad the whole day through
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right.
Just to believe that God knows best;
Just in his promise ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key—
This is God's will for you and me.

TEACHING THE CHILDREN TO BE KIND.

Most parents think they are teaching their children to be kind. But are they?

I was in a home recently where there was a pet cat. The married son and his wife were staying there and they had a little girl two years old. One morning the child came into the sitting-room and picked the cat up and put her arms tight around its stomach and squeezed it. My hostess took the cat and put it outdoors. The child cried a little. The mother of the child said, "never mind, Baby, when the kittens out in the wood-shed get big you can squeeze them all you want to."

Children frequently see their elders strike animals. If we had no other way of finding out this fact we would know it from watching children play. Children when riding a stick will yank it and jerk it and whip it. It is the first impulse of a child nine or ten years of age, when anything happens, to strike the offending object.

Children are merely copyists. They do only what they have seen their parents do. When they are small they have tender hearts and a strong sense of justice. A very young child when anything goes wrong feels nothing but grief. It is the training of parents only that hardens children, dries up their well of sympathy and turns their thoughts unconsciously towards revenge. I saw a very little girl once that had fallen out of a chair and hurt itself and it cried quietly. The father came into the room and said, "We'll whip the mean, old chair for hurting baby," and then the child gleefully whipped the chair. When children have such training no one need wonder that there is so much cruelty in the world. If they were properly taught by example and precept, they would realize that it was not right to torture any of God's creatures.—Annie Lillian Swett, in The Housekeeper.

"GWINE BACK HOME."

As we waited in the L. &. N. depot at Nashville for the train, some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm, and shook him roughly and said:

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk, and if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up!"

'Deed, but I hain't drunk," replied the old man, as he removed a tear-stained handkerchief. "I'ze losted my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's the matter."

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose! You dry up or away you go!"

"What's the matter here?" queried a man, as he came forward.

The old man recognized the dialect of the Southerner in an instant, and repressing his emotions with a great effort he answered:

"Say, Mars Jack, I'ze been robbed."

"My name is White,"

"Well, then, Mars White, somebody has done robbed me of ticket an' money."

"Where were you going?"

"Gwine down to Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, when de wah done sot me free I cum up this way. Hain't bin home since, sah."

"And you had a ticket?"

"Yes, sah, an' ober $20 in cash. Bin savin' up fur ten y'ars, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hils an' de fi,elds, de tobacco an' de co'n, Mars Preston and de good old missus. Why Mars White, I'ze dun bin prayin' fur it fo' twenty ya'rs. Sometimes de longin' has cum till I couldn't hardly hold myself."

"It's too bad."

"De ole woman is buried down dar, Mars White—de ole woman an' free chillen. I kin 'member de spot same as if I seed it yistiday. You go out halfway to de fust tobacker house, an' den turn to do left an' go down to de branch whar de wimmen used to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de udder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I can see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to the big house an' ax Mars Preston to let me lib out all de rest of my days right dar. I'ze ole an' alone, an' I want to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I'ze dreamed an' pondered—I'ze had dis journey in my mind fur y'ars, an' now I'ze dun bin robbed an' can't go!"

He fell to crying, and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir!" commanded the stranger.

"Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation and be buried alongside of his dead."

"So am I!" called twenty men in chorus, and within five minutes we had raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave fifty dollars to spare. And when he realized his good luck, the old snow-haired black fell upon his knees in that crowd and prayed:

"Lord, I'ze bin a believer in you all my days, an' now I dun axes you to watch ober dese yer white folks dat has believed in me an' helped me to go back to de ole home."

And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gate-man called out the train for Louisville.—Our Dumb Animals.

THE GRACE OF KINDNESS.

A young girl on a railroad train gave a bunch of roses to a little cripple. The child held them to her lips and pressed them to her heart, and fell asleep.

The train neared its destination, the father came in from the smoking car. At sight of his little one lying peacefully with her head against the stranger, and the roses in her hand, he said, in a voice full of feeling: "I,m not a prayin' man, but the Lord's bless-in rest on you for your kindness to my motherless barin."

The child roused as she was taken in her father's arms, and said, "I've—been—in—heaven, pa; I've—got—some—roses." Other eyes were moist beside the father's, and more than one heard a divine voice saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

The Quiet Hour.

FOR THE MASTER'S USE.

A Parable.

The writing-desk lay open. Its owner had been called away in the act of beginning an important letter. On it were laid a sheet of note-paper and an envelope; beside it stood the ink-bottle, and close by lay a pen, the blotting-paper, and the pen-wiper.

The silence of the room was broken by the Note-paper speaking to his companions.

"You needn't look so consequental," it said, scornfully; "it is on me the letter will be written."

"Yes," said the Pen, "but you forget it is I who write it."

"And you forget," said the Ink, "that you couldn't write without me."

"You need'nt boast," said the Ink-bottle, "for where would you be but for me?"

"It is ridiculous of you all to be so conceited," interposed the Blotting-paper; "only for me what a mess you'd be in."

"And may I ask," said the envelope, "what use would any of you be if I did not take the letter safely where it is to go?"

"But it is I who write the directions on you," snapped the Pen.

"Dear sirs, please stop quarreling," gently said the little Pen-wiper, who had not spoken yet.

"What have you to say?" asked the Pen, contemptuously. "You are nothing but a door-mat;" and he laughed at his own wit.

"Even if I am only a door-mat," said the Pen-wiper, humbly, "only for me you would be so rough with dried ink you couldn't be used. And that is all any of us are good for—just to be used. We might all stay here for the rest of our lives, and not all of us put together could write that letter. Only the hand of our master can do that."

"I believe he's right," said the Envelope and Note-paper together.

"Yes," said the Ink, "it was foolish of us to forget that we can do nothing unless we are used."

"True enough," murmured the Ink-bottle, "for what use would I be if you were not in me."

"Yes, to be sure," said the Blotting-paper, "we ought to have thought of that.'

"Indeed yes; and I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Pen-wiper for calling you a door-mat," said the Pen in a humble voice.

"Please don't mention it," said the little Pen-wiper, "but I do think we would be happier if we would just do the best we can, without being jealous."

As he spoke their owner re-entered the room and silence fell. The Pen was taken up, dipped in the Ink and passed to and fro on the Note-paper; the Blotting-paper pressed on it; the letter placed in the Envelope; the address written; the Pen wiped on the Pen-wiper.

"We have each done our part," murmured the Ink.

"Yes," said the Pen, "and without our master we could have done nothing at all."—The British Messenger.

SURRENDER TO THE KING.

Do you want to be a Christian soul? Answer the conviction that is in you with honesty. If, indeed, He be Lord, and this conviction has come to you, then say to Him tonight, "What shall I do, Lord?" Yes. say it, and say it as this man said it, in full surrender.

It is remarkably simple, but it is very sublime. I do not think I ever see the face of my Lord by the vision of faith, but that I say again, Command me Lord. What shall I do? Here I am as I am, very frail, but magnificent in possibility, because God made me. That is true of every human being. Let Him command me. I have had my plan, and my program and my thought and my arrangement. and I have meant to do this, and planned to do that, but command me Jesus; Lord, sweep out all, and give me Thy way

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've hoped, or sought, or known.

"What shall I do Lord?" I wait at thy gates, O King. I kiss Thy scepter. I yield every fibre of my manhood to Thee. What shall I do, Lord? I have other lords—sin and self and ambition and pride and greed. So help me, God; I turn my back upon them all. Thou art the Lord, O Jesus! What shall I do? That is how Christianity begins. Never mind the difficulties, philosophical and scientific and theological. Get right with the Master, get right with the Lord. Put thy life under His coutrol. Let it be a great surrender. And, O brother mine, it will be a great gain. Can you not see it? What a gain it is to have the

right King reigning over the life! We must have a King; we must have a master passion; we must have a dominating idea; we must have an infinite something we are mastered by. We can not live without. We are rational beings. O, the gain of getting the true King, the King whose ideal is perfect, the King whose program is perfect, the King who will take hold of this kingdom of mine and realize it, the King who knows me so thoroughly that He can make no mistake in arrangement for me, the King who will take hold of these subtle, insiduous foes that lurk within my life and break and spoil them every one, the King who will take hold of these forces and capacities that lie dormant, and bring them out into glorious realization! It is a great gain to have such a King.

O, but you say, can He do it? Question the communion of saints, ask the world, and the answer of the saints and the world shall for once merge into a great harmony. He is able to the uttermost, the Savior and the Lord. It is a great gain to have such a King.—Dr. G. Campbell Morgan.

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world! Why not? All that is in the world is not of the Father! As the Apostle warns against a love of the world which is opposed to the love of God. But he would also say. love the world of nature —earth and sky and sea, gardens and flowers and fruit; love the world of man—his thoughts, feelings, his books, his music(his amusements; and love them more and more. The glory of the world passeth away! Truly. But the dandelions are not less beautiful, nor less to be anticipated before they come, nor less to be enjoyed while they are here, because they remain so short a while. This world is a good world, and a beautiful world; good in youth, better in old age; good in joy, better in sorrow; good in solitude, better in society; and best of all to him who sees God in His world, making it His own.

Not to flee from the world, not to live discontentedly in the world, not to shut one's eyes to the glory and one's heart to the joy of the world, not to think that this is the devil's world, but to know that it is God's world, and the beauty is God's and the joy is God's and the life is God's; and through the beauty and the joy and the life to see God, and draw nearer to God, and prepare others to see Him and draw nearer to Him.

A man never attains to the jubilant working of a believing spirit until a certain element of heroism is wrought into the springs of his being. This must be the fruit of heroic disciplinary training. By any and every means an immortal spirit must be set to thinking. It must think of responsibility with profound and eager moral consciousness. A great faith must feed on great mysteries. The sinews of its strength must grow tense and wiry by the strain of great conflicts. Many need the discipline of great searchings after God in which they do not find Him. Some must agonize in prayers, which in the seeming are dead failures. Not otherwise can some natures grow into that massive and consolidated virtue and that masterful solution of religious problems which shall fit them for their predestined place as powers of control in God's plan.—Austin Phelps.

Young People.

THE QUAKER GIRL'S DREAM.

I dreamed I was on my way to school, when suddenly I noticed a great crowd upon the green. People were hurrying to and fro, and when I asked what all this commotion was about, a girl said:

"Why, don't you know? It's Measuring Day, and the Lord's angel has come to see how much our souls have grown since last Measuring Day."

"Measuring Day!" said I; "measuring souls! I never heard of such a thing," and I began to ask questions; but the girl hurried on, and after a little I let myself be pressed along with the crowd to the green.

There in the center, on a kind of throne under the green elm, was the most glorious and beautiful being I ever saw. He had white wings; his clothes were of shining white, and he had the kindest yet most serious face I ever beheld. By his side was a tall golden rod, fastened upright in the ground, with curious marks at regular intervals from the top to the bottom. Over it, in a golden scroll, were the words, "The measure of a perfect man." The angel held in his hand a large book(in which he wrote the measurements as the people came up at the calling of their names in regular turns. The instant each one touched the golden measure a most wonderful thing happened. No one could escape the terrible accuracy of that strange rod. Each one shrank or increased to his true dimensions—his spiritual dimensions, as I soon learned, for it was an index of the soul-growth which was shown in this mysterious way.

The first few who were measured after I came I did not know; but soon the name of Elizabeth Darrow was called. She is the president of the Aid for the Destitute Society, and she manages ever so many other societies, too, and I thought, "Surely E. Darrow's measure will be very high indeed."

But as she stood by the rod, the instant she touched it she seemed to grow shorter and shorter, and the angel's face grew very serious as he said: "This would be a soul of high stature if only the zeal for outside works which can be seen of men had not checked the lowly, secret graces of humility and trust and patience under little daily trials. These, too, are needed for perfect soul-growth."

I pitied E. Darrow as she moved away with such a sad and surprised face to make room for the next. It was poor, thin, little Betsy Lines, the seamstress. I never was more astonished in my life than when she took her stand by the rod, and immediately increased in height till her mark was higher than any I had seen before, and her face shone so I thought it must have caught its light from the angel, who smiled so gloriously that I envied poor little Betsy, whom before I had rather looked down upon. And as the angel wrote in the book he said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The next was Lillian Edgar, who dressed so beautifully that I have often wished I had such clothes and so much money. The angel looked sadly at her measure, for it was very low—so low that Lillian turned pale as death, and her beautiful clothes no one noticed at all, for they were quite overshadowed by the glittering robes beside her. And the angel

said in a solemn tone: "O child, why take thought for raiment? Let your adorning be not that outward adorning of putting on of apparel, but let it be the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price. Thus only can thee grow like the Master."

Old Jerry, the cobbler, came next—poor, old, clumsy Jerry. But as he hobbled up the steps the angel's face fairly blazed with light, and he smiled on him, and led him to the rod; and behold, Jerry's measure was higher than any of the others. The angel's voice rang out so loud and clear that we all heard it, saying: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

And then, oh, my name came next! And I trembled so I could hardly reach the angel, but he put his arm around me and helped me to stand by the rod. As soon as I touched it I felt myself growing shorter and shorter, and though I stretched and stretched and strained every nerve to be as tall as posible, I could only reach Lillian's mark—Lillian's, the lowest of all, and I a member of the church for two years!

I grew crimson for shame, and whispered to the angel: "Oh, give me another chance before you mark me in the book as low as this. Tell me how to grow. I will do it all so gladly, only do not put this mark down!"

The angel shook his head sadly. "The record must go down as it is, my child. May it be higher when I come next. This rule will help thee, "Whatsoever thou doest, do it heartily as to the Lord, in singleness of heart as unto Christ."

And with that I burst into tears, and suddenly awakened to find myself crying. But, oh, I shall never forget that dream! I was so ashamed of my mark.—Measuring Rod.

AFTER ALL.

Mary Cranston tossed her package of history papers upon the table, tore off her hat and jacket and threw herself upon the couch, her fingers pressed upon her aching eyes. She was sick of teaching—sick of it! The eager ambitions with which she had begun one by one had broken against the invincible barriers of the system. Her high ideals had faded before days filled to the brim by the endless exactions of fifty restless boys.

She had had dreams of being an influence in the lives of her boys, but somehow she had no time to be an influence. It was more than she could do to "get in" the requirements of a crowded schedule. She was just tired of it all.

Just then Norah appeared at the door.

"Somebody to see you, Miss Mary," she said.

Mary rose impatiently. "Somebody" in that particular tone meant a pupil or pupil's mother.

It was a mother this time, a shabby woman, with nervous hands and eyes where sorrow had long made a home. She rose timidly as Mary entered.

"I know I'm making bold to come," she said, "but it's sore trouble we're in. Jim, he wouldn't have let me, but I said it's a sweet woman's heart she has, and she'll help us if she can. It's Jim Maloney's mother I am."

Mary remembered Jim Maloney. She had worked so hard to help the boy, and now—

It's the truth I'm telling ye, deary," the trembling voice went on. "Jim's father was not—honest, and I was desperately afraid for Jim till he came to you. Then, sudden-like, he straightened up.

"'Mother,' he says, 'she believes me, and I ain't going back on her.'"

"And he didn't, deary, I know he didn't. After he went to Craig & Shipper's, every night he'd look me straight in the eyes, and I knew. Then yesterday there was money lost, and they accused him. They—they knew about his father. Jim sent word to me, and 'twas this:

"'Tell Miss Cranston I didn't go back on her.' So I I made bold—"

Mary's hands closed about the fluttering fingers.

"I'll come with you this minute," she said. "I think that we can get him out, and if not, we'll tell Jim that we're proud of him."

Two hours later Mary returned. She had worked hard, but she had persuaded Jim's employers at last, and the look in Jim's eyes—grateful, honest eyes—had rewarded her a thousandfold. Her glance fell upon the history papers, and she smiled. The afternoon seemed so long ago!

A CHILD'S BOOK-MARK.

The following inscription for a book-mark for a child's library was devised by Rev. H. D. Maxson, of Menomonee, Wis., and is being introduced here and there in public libraries, in the children's department:

"Once on a time a library book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me yith your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a sheet of paper. It would strain my back.

"When you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book-mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good comfortable rest.

"Remember that I have to visit a great many other little boys when you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old, and torn, and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

WHICH WAY DO YOU TAKE?

There are ways and ways of being sympathetic. There is one where a person who stands close to his neighbor in need does so merely for the sake of being thought sympathetic. But such are not the truest comforters. It is he who not only speaks consolingly, but who "follows up the word with the deed," that is the true friend in need.

Mabel was standing on a street corner crying as though her heart would break, when Martha came trundling her hoop down the sidewalk.

"I's lost my nickel down there!" was the sobbing reply as the speaker pointed to the gutter.

"That's too bad!" Look real hard for it and maybe you'll find it," Martha said, as she gave her hoop a touch with the short stick she held in her hand, and followed it as it rolled away. The thought did not seem to come to her that she might have spared a few minutes from her play to aid in searching for the missing coin.

A little later, as Mabel was adopting Martha's advice to "look real hard," Nanette came briskly along from the opposite direction, and, seeing the small figure in the gutter, exclaimed: "Why, Mabel Marsh! What are you doing there?"

'I's lost my nickel, and I tan't find it at all!" was the tearful reply.

Now Nanette was on her way to spend the afternoon with a friend who had begged her to come early, and she was hurrying her best to make up for time already lost, when she discovered Mabel in trouble. The sight of the latter's distress aroused but one desire in Nanette's loving heart, and that was to offer practical sympathy to the little girl. And so, though she said almost the same words that Martha had spoken a short time before, she backed them up by stepping down into the gutter, where she diligently sought for the coin until she found it.

"You're just as kind as kind can be!" Mabel exclaimed, gratefully, when the money was once more safely in her pocket.

Nanette laughed merrily as she hurried away. "That wasn't much to do!" she declared.

But it was just the thing that was needed.—The Girls' Companion.

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

The Christian Register well says:—

The report on pauperism issued by the Census Bureau contains cheering information. It shows that as our population increases the number of persons housed at the almshouses and poor farms of the country does not increase with it. The report deals with the years 1903-04. The statistics show that out of a population of 85,000,000 only 163,176 had been dependent on State care during those years. Of this number, comparatively small, the women as a rule continue dependent. The men flock to the almshouses during the cold months, taking to the road during the warm weather. The present report reduces the number of dependents more than ten thousand over reports of former years.

"The "Nobel prize" of $40,000 given to the person who, during a twelvemonth has done most for the permanent peace of the world it is said, will come next to Theodore Roosevelt, citizen of the United States. If by action of the trustees of the Nobel fund President Roosevelt should be enrolled with that small company of benefactors of the race, who are by preeminence called international peacemakers, their judgment may be taken by us as a probable forecast of the verdict of posterity; for these trustees are all foreigners, none of them tempted to overestimate America or the services of our statesmen. This will go far to allay the apprehensions of those who, in our opinion, completely misunderstood Mr. Roosevelt's reference to the "big stick." Many a peaceful man carries a big stick after dark, not because he is quarrelsome or seeking a fight, but to ward off th unprovoked assaults of evil-minded men."

Judge Lindsey, of the Denver Juvenile Court, advances the theory that the solution of the problem of delinquent children lies in trusting them implicitly, finding the point of honor innate in all of them and pinning entire faith to it and it only. He claims that the idea is not to reform, but to form the character, and says: "It is impossible to help loving boys, whether they are good or bad. All children are good if rightly understood. The skill of fashioning and handling marble is less than the skill in molding character. I have taken boys who thought all mankind was their enemy, who felt that nothing they did could set them right in the eyes of the world, that all were in a conspiracy to down them. I have talked with those boys and have been a friend to them, and their attitude has changed."

The charge is brought against modern sermons that many of them make but little use of illustrations, such as were abundantly utilized by the old giants of the pulpit in this country. Many preachers in their desire to avoid "sensationalism" fall into the opposite extreme of dulness. The habit of writing sermons tends to this fault, the preacher forgetting that sermons are not meant to be **read** by congregations, but **listened** to, and that the minds of tired people are not capable of taking in abstract statements, whereas they speedily respond to vivid and pictorial ways of putting vital truths. The Greatest Preacher always spoke in parables, with imagery of the most beautiful and varied kind, and even put the Laws of the Kingdom into pictures with instances and examples rather than abstractions. That was one reason why the common people "heard Him gladly," as they also hear those who follow the Master's method.

In a recent outspoken sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral, Archdeacon Sinclair strongly and justly depreciated the wholesale condemnation of certain classes of men on account of the vices and follies which certain members of those classes exhibit. It was a needed word, to which partisans would do well to give heed. In certain Labor journals we observe that nothing but castigation is reserved for the rich and official classes. There is no discrimination; everybody falls under the lash. The injustice of this is manifest to all but the writers, we should imagine. There are rich and official persons who undoubtedly have acquired their money unjustly, and whose lives as revealed in the Law Courts, are unclean and wholly selfish. But what of the noble men and women, belonging to these classes, who use their influence and wealth for the promotion of all good? To include these in a general condemnation of the "Smart Set" is unrighteous. The stirring up of class-feeling is likely to end in mischief. The only wise and just thing is to deal with radical principles, and to let the conduct of men and women be judged according to these. Besides, it is the worst imaginable policy—as a policy—to make sweeping charges. In the end, this kind of thing always defeats its object. We are in great danger in our own land in these days, of doing a similar wrong. Though our courts find many wrong-doers, there are thousands to one pure, true and noble.

Health is wealth, health is happiness. Health, health and happiness are blessings truly sought by the human race the world over.

To maintain through a long life a sound body is essential for other requirements that are levied upon us from higher realms than the tangible and visible. Health consideration, good water, pleasant neighbors, are prime questions asked by every wise man seeking a home for himself and family.

Where to send the boy and the girl that, along with mental and moral training a robust body may also be developed in the college life, are considerations entering the minds of all wise parents.

The advantages afforded by our Pacific Coast climate for strong physica l development are unsurpassed. This is clearly shown in stock raising. A horse for instance, is at the age of four as fully developed as one is at six in the States. The same obtains with other domestic animals. Its explanation is found possibly in our mild climate; so conducive to physical growth.

As a matter of interest, we give below a table prepared by a college professor, and which appeared in one of our morning dailies recently . Inasmuch as the Wellesley College is typical of the young woman of the East, it will be of interest to note how our California girl surpasses her as shown in the competative table as follows:

University of California..	Age.	Wellesley College
19-1 years		19-1years.
	Weight.	
119-7 pounds		119-4 pounds
Inches.	Height.	Inches
63-5	Standing	63-5
33-1	Sitting	33-3
Inches	Girths.	Inches
12-4	Neck	12-2
30-6	Chest, repose	28-8
33-1	Chest Inflated	31-4
25	Ninth rib, repose	24-6
28-1	Ninth rib, inflated	24-6
24-2	Waist	24-6
11-4	Right Upper Arm	10-6
11-3	Left Upper Arm	10-4
9-1	Right Fore Arm	9-6
9	Left Fore Arm	8-5
Inches	Depth.	Inches
6-9	Chest	7-2
Inches.	Breadth.	Inches
4-3	Neck	4
14-8	Shoulders	14-3
8-7	Waist	8-7
Pounds	Strength	Pounds
178-5	Back	130
72-7	Right Fore Arm	57-3
61-7	Left Fore Arm	48-5
61-7	Strength	57-3
Cubic Inches		Cubic Inches
159-8	Lung Capacity	150-3
Inches		Inches
63-8	Arms Extended	63-8

God has made you after his own plan, and he places you just where he wishes you to work with him to bring about the highest results for yourself. He has given you every opportunity. Make yourself what you will—remember it lies with you.

A STATEMENT AND AN APPEAL

By the Board of Directors of The Publishing Company of The Pacific.

In the great catastrophe which came recently upon San Francisco, The Pacific sustained a heavy loss. For years before it had been difficult to maintain the paper, although it has always, during the 56 years of its exisence, been regarded very generally as indispensable to all our Pacific coast Congregational interests.

At the Pacific Coast Congress in Los Angeles in May it was voted unanimously that an effort be made to raise among the churches a fund of $10,000 to be placed at the disposal of the Board of Directors to be used as seemed best to them.

It was voted also that every pastor be urged to present the cause to his people and do all in his power to greatly increase the subscription list.

For the working of this plan the Pacific Coast Congress appointed committees as follows:

Oregon.—E. L. House, C. F. Clapp, G. W. Nelson, Geo. H. Himes, H. N. Smith and E. C. Oakley.

Western Washington—Samuel Greene, E. L. Smith, H. B. Hendley, W. W. Scudder, H. C. Mason and H. P. James.

Northern California.—George C. Adams, W. H. Hopkins, W. T. Patchell, R. C. Brooks and C. R. Brown.

Southern California.—Geo. E. Soper, C. T. Brown, R. B. Larkin, B. F. Boller and A. W. Palmer.

Eastern Washington, Idaho, Nevada and Utah.—Geo. R. Wallace, Austin Rice, J. D. Neilaus, C. L. Mears and J. D. Kingsbury.

We, the Board of Directors, heartily welcome this action and plan.

We believe that The Pacific should have entrance at once into many more homes on the Pacific coast. We believe that the duty is upon Congregationalists on these shores to sustain it so as to make it perpetually a great power for good. The churches must have the paper and the churches must sustain it.

To this end we believe that it is necessary also that this fund of $10,000 be raised speedily. A crisis is upon us.

Accordingly, we issue this statement and appeal.

We desire to co-operate with the Pacific Coast Congress committees, to do all in our power to bring the plan to a successful issue.

We urge upon every one to whom this circular shall come prompt action. Lay the matter before the church, get every new name that possibly can be gotten for the subscription list. Get every dollar possible for the fund. It will be sacredly used.

To the individual member. our word is: The Pacific needs you and you need The Pacific. We are at a turning point for Congregationalism on the Pacific coast. The call is upon us to meet the crisis of the hour and to lay well the foundations for the future.

Let there be a rallying all along the coast to the support of our church paper—a blessing to every home into which it enters! An agency without which Pacific coast Congregationalism cannot properly do the work it is called to do!

The Pacific has always had its generous friends and supporters. Men who have aided it largely during recent years lost heavily in the great calamity of the 18th of April. And the time, for this and other reasons, has come now when it must appeal to all.

Moreover, a forward movement is demanded. What we need is The Pacific in every Congregational home on the coast. This brings every member of a Congregational church on the coast face to face with a duty and an opportunity.

What we need further is such a fund as will put the paper on such a foundation that it can in a proper manner minister to every coast interest. This is a call to every one who can do more than make an annual subscription, to contribute something to the fund.

Remember, that a contribution to The Pacific is a contribution to that which has done and is doing much to bind together and make effectual our Coast Congregationalism.

W. M. SEARBY,
WALTER FREAR,
J. L. BARKER,
GEO. H. COLLINS,
G. W. SCOTT,
D. GILBERT DEXTER,
Directors.

SHE AGREED WITH PAUL.

I hope it isn't wicked to say it," hemarked Mrs. Gunham, " there's one thing the Apostle Paul wrote that I wish he hadn't written. It's his telling the women they must keep silence in the churches, and that if they want to learn anything they can ask their husbands at home. I believe everything else he quite see my way clear about that."

"He says that in one of his letters to the Corinthians, doesn't he?"

"Well," said Mrs. Fladgers, rubbing her nose, "I used to think just as you do about it, but I've changed my mind. You know I've got a niece that's married to a rich lumberman? Yes it's Matilda, and he's a good man, too. Well, about six years ago they fixed things up for a trip to Egypt, and nothing would do but I must go along. So I went. While we were sailing down the Mediterranean Sea, we stopped at ever so many towns, and one of them was Corinth. We took a ride through the town, and I took particular notice of the women.

'I want to tell you, Mrs. Gunham, that the're about as ignorant a looking set as I ever saw in all my life, and I don't blame the Apostle Paul one bit for telling those Corinthian women to keep quiet and let their men-folks do the

"When you've seen a thing for yourself, Mrs. Gunham, you're a good deal better able to judge, and I know now that Paul was right."

LITTLE, BUT IMMENSE.

Although the late Gen. Joseph Wheeler was a chieftan of tremendous force when in battle, he was, es everybody knows, small in stature, slight in build, and of unassuming appearance as a civilian.

Shortly after the United States had declared war against Spain, and while preparations for sending the army to Cuba were in active progress, a stranger in Washington observed a number of distinguished Senators gathering round a little, gray-bearded mon whom they had encountered at the steps of the Capitol, and shaking his hand with enthusiasm.

"Who's that little chap they're making so much fuss over?" he said, addressing an elderly, stoop-shouldered man who was standing near him and looking at the group with kindling eyes.

"Little!" exclaimed the other "That's Fighting Joe Wheeler. It ever you'd been in a big battle and seen him coming toward you at the head of a galloping army of wild men, as I have, you'd know better than to call hi mlittle! He's as big as the side of a house."

"My tooth aches awful," said willie. "Don't you think I'd better not go to school today?" "No, you needn't go to school; I'll take you to the dentist instead," said his mother. "I think—I guess I—I'd better go to school, after all," rejoined Willie. "The tooth aches, but—it don't hurt any."

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